THE PACIFIC

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THE BETTER WAY.

Grumble? No; what's the good?
If it availed, I would;
But it doesn't a bit—
Not it.

Laugh? Yes; why not?
'Tis better than crying, a lot;
We were made to be glad,
Not sad.

Sing? Why, yes, to be sure;
We shall better endure
If the heart's full of song
All day long.

Love? Yes; unceasingly,
Ever increasingly.
Friends' burdens bearing,
Their sorrows sharing,
Their happiness making;
For pattern taking
The One above
Who is Love.

—Jean Somerset.

Pacific Theological Seminary
Berkeley, Calif.

THE PACIFIC

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PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Whitman College at Walla Walla, Washington, dedicated an open-air amphitheater recently.

The San Francisco Church Extension Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church has voted an appropriation of $1,000 to aid the down-town church—"Howard Street."

A movement has been started for the establishing at Tacoma, Washington, of a college for women—to be located on the former site of Whitworth College which was moved to Spokane not long ago.

Bishop Leonard, now a resident of San Francisco, was pastor of the Methodist Church in Rome for several years; and is reported as having accordingly a special interest in work among the Italians in this country.

The San Francisco and Oakland presbyteries of the presbyterian Church have united. All that drawing apart of the churches on the two sides of San Francisco Bay a few years ago is seen generally to have been a mistake.

Professor R. R. Lloyd, of Chicago, formerly connected with Pacific Theological Seminary, will give several lectures at the meeting of the Itinerants' Club the week preceding the Methodist Episcopal Conference at Pacific Grove.

The board of trustees of the Presbyterian theological seminary at San Anselmo has decided on a campaign for $500,000. This sum is to be used as follows: part to endow a chair of New Testament interpretation; part for a chair of English Bible; $200,000 for establishment of a school of missions and the balance for a general fund. The school of missions, while run separately, will be under the auspices of the seminary.

In a recent address on "The Bible in the Modern World," the Rev. Dr. Francis of Los Angeles predicted that the Bible would soon be included in the curriculum of all public schools in civilized lands; that the laws of nations would be so Christianized that war would be impossible; and that social unrest would be conquered through Bible ideals in business. In that connection Dr. Francis remarked: I once heard a man object to the use of the Bible in the schools on the ground that it is a secular book. You might as well call the sun that shines in the heavens a secular sun; or the Pacific ocean a secular ocean, as call the Bible a secular book. In years to come posterity will be perplexed to understand how we could have been so foolishly ignorant as to even try to run our public schools without using the world's greatest classic and most educational book."

In reply to a question from the United States Department of Agriculture as to the Educational needs, a Californian wrote: "I would make agriculture a part of the school studies. A business that produces $8,000,000,000 annually is worth consideration. This could under proper understanding be doubled; even more than that, and the proper education in marketing and getting close to the consumer would save $4,000,000,000 that is wasted through ignorance. We need organizations where farmers and women can get together, exchange ideas and plans along all lines of life. We need to understand farming is a science; that our Government does and has the right to expect much of us; that no other calling gives such opportunities for healthful living. We want our children taught this in the public schools; trained in agriculture and horticulture, taught how much brains it requires to be successful along this line of work. The first man God created he made a farmer. The first woman was a farmer's wife. They also had some trouble as to what she should wear. They left us a good example in that she set her own fashion and wore what met her needs."

William C. Allen of San Jose, who went to Europe to engage in religious and relief work, has written from London: "The restrictions with respect to foreigners are naturally severe. England is in a great conflict and is not to be blamed for closely watching all strange people who in a sense are guests of the nation. But there is a remarkable difference of opinion as to interpreting the same laws by different officials charged with administrating said laws and confusion intervenes. We try to overlook this when we consider the unfeigned kindness exhibited by the police, apparently because we are Americans. London mostly appars to me as it always has looked in the past with the exception that soldiers are seen everywhere. The streets are thronged with men in khaki. The better class of hotels have many Army and Navy officers as guests. Occasionally you will see wounded men by the trainload coming into Charing Cross Station and carried away in motor-busses, with hospital nurses wedged in between them, and evidently out for an airing. As may be expected, the railway trains are in control of the military and on regular passenger carriages you meet with many of these defenders of their country. It looks odd in London to see girl motor-bus conductors attired in their neat blue costumes, crowned with jaunty little blue hats and armed with bell-punches and tickets. Their fresh young faces are in great contrast to the hands soiled with handling big coppers and little sixpences. They are good natured and alert, and know what they are about, and climb up and down the narrow steps that lead to the second stories of their vehicles with an energy quite equal to that of the men they have superseded. Another difference between the London of recent years and that of today is found in the dress of the people. Everybody is urged in all sorts of ways to economize—to dress very simply is considered a duty developing from loyalty to England. I see very few tall hats, and even the men who wear them are often dressed in neglige shirts unstarched. The women are attired in sober clothing. Black is in evidence. Good old 'Merry England' is very suffering and sober just now. The great mass of the people

do not want war but even the gloom that settled on London when Earl Kitchener died is accompanied by a deeper determination to carry on the terrible conflict. There is difficulty on the part of the Government with respect to those who are conscientiously opposed to fighting. Acts covering their needs to a good extent have been passed by Parliament. The extraordinary administration of those laws has brought on conditions not seen in England for 200 years."

"THE YOSEMITE."
"A Spritual Interpretation."

There came last month from the pen of the Rev. Herbert Atchison Jump a winsome little volume on Yosemite. The caption of this article indicates its title. It is nicely illustrated by the publishers, The Pilgrim Press, Boston, and may be had for fifty cents net. The author says in a Foreword: "The history of this little book began with a summer Sunday evening talk to friends and nature lovers gathered round a crackling camp-fire at Camp Curry. But its message has grown in the mind of the author as he has for four years snatched every possible opportunity to drive his automobile to the foothills of the Sierra, and then with blanket and mule and congenial companion has plunged into the silent canon and climbed toward the high, eternally snowy hinterland. Whether his prime love is for the Shasta region or the Glen Alpine country back of Lake Tahoe or the terrific Kings' River Canon or the mountain bastions surrounding the Tuolumne Meadows, or the more pastoral San Bernardino Range or for the better known and altogether unsurpassed Yosemite Valley itself, he cannot determine. But this conviction has slowly become certitude, that in all his journeyings in search of scenic beauty, whether to Alaska or Alberta, to Norway or Switzerland or Northern Africa, he nowhere has found congested in one comparatively small district as much variety, dramatic sublimity, and alluring picturesqueness as in the California Sierra."

Mr. Jump declares that "a month in Yosemite is a university course in spiritual emotion."

"One goes to school to these heights that girdle his soul. Lessons are to be learned from Sentinel Peak and Half Dome, from Cloud's Rest and Yosemite Point, from Liberty Cap and El Capitan, from all the magic pageantry of vapor and the solar glory, and from the ever-changing poetry of blossom, tree and star.

"But inspiration goes deeper than to make the heart feel that it is in school. It provokes the continuous consciousness that the place whereon we stand is holy ground. Here the appropriate mood is worship. John Muir's exquisite insight was to the effect that the vale of the Yosemite looked at from its western end is architecturally like a huge temple lighted from above. Ought it not to possess a cathedral-like value to the tourist who visits it? Do we not miss the Yosemite experience unless it awakens the more august voices that address the soul, and causes us to hear the reverberating syllables of eternity?

"The power of the Yosemite to uplift its sympathetic disciple may be taken for granted. It is indubitable. But not every disciple tries to analyze the sources of the impression made upon him. Why this peerless chasm so awe-compelling? Where lies the secret of its appeal?"

Mr. Jump goes on then to consider the factors in the impression, and follows with: Yosemite—a Study of Heights; Mountain Altitudes and Faith; The Christ of El Capitan, and A Waterfall Parable.

The book is a delightful little volume of thirty-five pages. But we feel after reading it just as we have felt concerning all other attempts to interpret Yosemite. It is an **attempt** only; it doesn't **interpret.** Yosemite cannot be interpreted. Some of the poets have approached nearest to an interpretation of some of its features, but they too have fallen far short. Men and women go there and are uplifted by it; what they get remains ever as an individual possession, but they are no more able to give it out to others than the mystics have been to express the ecstasy and rapture o ftheir experiences, or the real inner meaning and qualities of the things on which their spirits were impinging. Wordsworth wrote of a state,

"In which the burden of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened:—that serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep powers of joy,
We see into the life of things."

And again Wordsworth wrote:

"I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thought; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man—
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

Blake once wrote:

"I saw Eternity the other night,
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,
All calm as it was bright."

Yosemite! the awe-compelling Grand Canon! the enchanting Yellowstone Canon! In their presence men and women feel as if their spirits were touching, almost, the Infinite Being. The stately domes and the joyous waterfalls are instinct with life—with life as it is at its sources; and under their influences they who surrender to their charm find themselves climbing Godward.

Aptly does the author say on the opening page of his book:

"There's a message of peace in the silent heights,
Of joy in the singing waters;
Hope shines in the morning and evening lights
For all earth's sons and daughters."

"God" is our first impression upon coming in, our last impression on going out.

"After a fortnight in the stupendous desert or on the water plains of the great ocean, a man ought to treat his fellow men better. After a fortnight in such a place as the Yosemite, he ought to treat his God better. This is the main spiritual asset of the Valley—its heights, by which the soul can make easy ascents into the presence of the Eternal."

There is no creature on earth that might not look noble to us, had we love's insight.—Charles Carroll Everett.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Berea College, an educational institution for the Mountain Whites of Kentucky and Tennessee, turned away 400 women applicants during the last year. More dormitories are needed.

It is said that thirty-five out of every one hundred widows are left in absolute want and that only eighteen out of a hundred find themselves in circumstances that can be called comfortable.

Recently $1,150,000 was raised in Minneapolis for Y. M. C. A. buildings. Seven new buildings including a central branch and building for the association at the University of Minnesota are now in prospect.

The Pennsylvania railroad announced early in July that it had an army of 50,000 loyal employes willing to man the freight locomotives and trains east of Pittsburgh if the union employes decide to go on strike for an eight-hour day and pay and a half for overtime. It is said that the shop men were especially prompt in volunteering.

Sherwood Eddy went in July to conduct a series of evangelistic meetings in the warring countries of Europe. More than 38,000,000 men and boys are under arms in Europe. There are not less than 4,000,000 in the military prisons and more than 2,000,000 in the hospitals. Mr. Eddy planned to begin work in the concentration camps of the United Kingdom, going later to France and Egypt.

"A banker should be something else besides a mere money-grabber," says Mr. S. L. Frazier an Eastern banker. This is something that some bankers haven't yet realized. Mr. Frazier would have the banker be a big brother to at least a few boys. He says in a Des Moines paper: "Here is the greatest opportunity that ever knocked on men's doors and asked to be let in; and the beauty of it all is that while we are leading boys in the right direction, while we are doing something for society, while we are doing our country an invaluable service, we are quite naturally bettering ourselves in the real vital things of a genuine manhood."

Sixteen former Roman Catholics have come into membership in a Presbyterian church in Detroit in the last two and a half years. They came without personal solicitation. An invitation to accept Christ and unite with the church is given at each service. Since the first of the year 1914 members to the number of 1,126 have been received. A member of a leading Congregational church in California said to the pastor not long ago that he was confident that at several Sunday evening services the sermon had made such an impression that scores would have taken a stand for Christ if opportunity had been given. Why shouldn't preachers draw the net occasionally in that way?

A writer on Mormonism decides that the whole case against Mormonism is summed up in a statement which seems to be verified by the observations of many thoughtful men: "The Mormons owe their entire allegiance to their prophet. They owe none, except in a secondary sense, to God or the nation. What the prophet says of God, that the Mormon accepts. What the prophet says of the nation, that the Mormon accepts. There is therefore neither reverence for God nor loyalty to the nation as original principles of individual Mormon faith and practice. These, the two things upon which the faith of individuals and nations most depends, the faithful Mormon holds in absolute subserviency to the shifting will of a shifty prophet."

"The old industrial order, like Humpty Dumpty, has fallen down, and neither employees nor workmen, even if they wish, will be able to set it up again," writes F. W. Pethick Lawrence in The Nation, a London journal. "It will be said, perhaps, that the industrial changes are merely temporary, and that on the conclusion of peace there will be a reversion to the status quo. Does anyone seriously believe this? Can the trade unions reassert the full validity of their detailed rules and regulations? Most important of all, can the women who have learnt to work at the lathe, to drive the trams, and to fill numberless other industrial occupations, be sent back to darn stockings in the home? It is incredible. No doubt the extent to which the new industrial order will differ from the old will depend somewhat upon the length of time for which the war continues; no doubt there will be fragments of the old which will be fitted in to form part of the new structure. But the new order will not be merely a patched and mended form of the old, as would have been the case if peace had continued; it will be something essentially distinct."

In a review of Dr. Cadman's new book, Dr. Lynn Harold Hough of Garrett Biblical Institute writes: "One Sunday morning eight or nine years ago the large auditorium of the Central Congregational Church in Brooklyn was packed by an audience of people unusually interested and intent. Dr. Cadman had been offered the presidency of a great university and that morning he was to announce his decision. Brooklyn was eager to know if it was to lose a preacher who had already entered deeply into its life, and had become one of the molders of thoughtful public opinion regarding religion and many other matters. The zest with which a multitude of people sprang to their feet and sang the doxology, when Dr. Cadman announced that he would decline the offered presidency in order to remain pastor of his church, was an immediate expression of the loyalty of his people. The years which have passed since that day have increased his influence, and it is now safe to say that he is Brooklyn's most powerful preacher since the days of Henry Ward Beecher. From the first Dr. Cadman has made a sturdy and vigorous mental appeal. In difficult days of intellectual transition he has helped earnest and thoughtful men to keep their hold on the vitalities of religion. His pulpit utterances are a constant expression of wide intellectual intersts shot through by moral and spiritual energy."

It is the essential unity of nature that gives us hope. We rejoice in not believing that the goats can be altogether and forever from the sheep in condition and holiness. The great thought of progress and development seems to take up the backward, the retrograde children of the Father, to lead and help them forward, to stir the germs of good that lie in all souls, and make in heaven, as upon earth, one family of all races and conditions of men.—Augusta Larned.

One of the main seats of our weakness lies in this very notion, that what we do at the moment cannot matter much; for that we shall be able to alter and mend and patch it just as we like bye-and-bye.—Hare.

Be such a man, live such a life, that if all lives were like yours earth would be a paradise.—Phillips Brooks.

LOOKING BACKWARD. VI.

Glimpses of Pacific Coast Congregationalism in 1893.

In January 1893 the announcement in The Pacific was: "Rev. J. K. Harrison of Santa Rosa has accepted the appointment of superintendent of Home Missions in Central and Northern California, made vacant by the resignation of Rev. H. D. Wiard. Rev. Dr. Warren has been occupying his old position during the interim. Brother Harrison is one of us. He has had a very successful pastorate at Santa Rosa. We believe this is a good appointment. We heartily endorse it. . . . We look for faithful aggressive work from this strong young man."

And now in 1916, as we contemplate the service rendered by Mr. Harrison for twelve years, we know that The Pacific was not disappointed in the expectations expressed in 1893.

In the Heart of Mormondom.

On the 22d of January 1893 the First Congregational Church of Salt Lake City dedicated a new edifice which cost $55,000 exclusive of the lot which cost $18,500. In a historical review made at that time we learn that on that date in January 1865 the Rev. Norman McLeod under the commission of the Congregational Home Missionary Society—then called the American Home Missionary Society —"preached the first Christian sermon, other than Mormon, ever preached in Utah."

"On January the 18th, the Sunday nearest the same date in 1874, the Rev. Walter M. Barrows preached his first sermon in Independence Hall, and the movement was then and there begun which led to the organization of the First Congregational Church on May the 24th of the same year."

Between January 22, 1865, and January 22, 1893, was a history full of memories stern and tender.

"Independence Hall, erected in the autumn of 1865, became the cradle of Protestant Christianity in Utah. The little organization started by Mr. McLeod did not long survive his departure in 1866."

Other denominations came in and made use of the hall.

In 1881 Mr. Barrows resigned to become secretary of the National Society, and was succeeded by the Rev. J. Brainerd Thrall who was pastor at the time of the dedication in 1893. The dedicatory sermon was preached by President Slocum of Colorado College. Dr. McNeice, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, gave at an evening service a sketch of the condition of things religiously in Salt Lake City when he had come there fifteen years before; when in a population of 15,000 only 2,000 were non-Mormon—"all the others standing solid against the Christian Church and the United States Government. They believed only in the priesthood, and wanted to establish that form of priestly government." The aggregate of Protestant congregations at that time was scarcely 300.

A Pioneer Passes On and The Pacific Chronicles His Great Work.

On the 22d of February Mr. Himes recorded the death of the Rev. Dr. Cushing Eells at the home of his son in Tacoma and sketched his useful life in Oregon and Washington.

"Commissioned by the American Board on the 6th of March 1838, Mr. Eells started with his wife the next day for Oregon, traveling the entire distance west of the Mississippi on horseback. For twelve years he and his wife and Rev. Elkanah and Mrs. Mary Walker labored among the Spokane Indians. Then Indian troubles caused them to go to the Willamette Valley where they remained, in Forest Grove and vicinity, teaching for the most part until 1862 when they removed to Walla Walla. Dr. Eells began at once making plans to establish Whitman Academy, and to the end of his life this was his main work, although he did great service in founding churches in Eastern Washington, and afterwards aiding them in many ways. By his unusually frugal habits he managed out of very small earnings to save at least $20,000 which he gave to Whitman College and to needy churches. Most of his journeys on the frontier were made on horseback, and hundreds of nights he has passed on the prairies, with his saddle for a pillow, with no companion save his faithful horse picketed close by, and without roof over him save the starry vault of heaven, his food crackers and his drink cold water. He has been a foundation builder in the best sense of the word."

Grand man! we think as we read the articles concerning him in The Pacific at that time.

Appointed first by the American Board to the Zulu Mission in South Africa, but turned aside by tribal wars there, he heard the call of Dr. Marcus Whitman for more laborers in "the Oregon Country" and became a foundation builder in that part of our national domain.

When Mr. and Mrs. Eells, Mr. and Mrs. Elkanah Walker, and Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gray crossed the plains and the mountains in 1838 the second company of women came thither to build here the walls of the home. Today in the rooms of the Oregon Historical Society in Portland may be seen the saddle used by Mrs. Walker on the ride from the Missouri to the Columbia as they repeated what Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding had done in 1836. It was 36 years after his ordination before Dr. Eells became pastor of a church. But eight thousand dollars went from his savings in the course of the years into church lots, church buildings, and furnishings at Forest Grove, Walla Walla, Colfax, Olympia, Dayton, Cheney, Sprague, Lone Pine, Spokane, Medical Lake, Pullman, Union City, Old Tacoma, East Tacoma, and Seattle.

Out in Mid-Ocean.

And now we turn to items from those islands away out in the Pacific Ocean to which the American Board sent its missionaries as early as 1819, and back from which came T. Dwight Hunt in 1849 to lay in San Francisco the foundations of the First Congregational Church, and read: "The Central Union Church of Honolulu has built and paid for a large and elegant stone church at a cost of $130,000. Soon after the building was begun the times of great depression came. Large incomes shrank to almost nothing. In December last a debt of $30,000 remained. With no small self-sacrifice this has now been paid." It was stated that the Central Union Church was giving at that time about $11,000 a year for church expenses and benevolences. In addition to this that the congregation was giving about $24,000 a year to mission, educational and other work, making an aggregate of $35,000.

"How God Has Led Me These Thirty Years."

This was the caption of an article in The Pacific on the 22d of November 1893 by the Rev. Jee Gam, whose fine Christian life is familiar to many of our readers. In this article he tells of the experiences which led up to his baptism and entrance into membership in the First Congregational Church of Oakland in August 1870—he and his two companions being the first Chinese members of Congregational churches on the Pacific Coast, and probably, he writes, the first Chinese that joined an English-speaking

church this side of the Rocky mountains.

Away off in China Jee Gam had heard of the golden mountains here and when he arrived in San Francisco in July 1863 he was eager to get off to the mining districts where he thought he could go about picking up lumps of gold.

Soon after his arrival in San Francisco a friend took him to the Chinese Mission on Stockton and Sacramento, and he heard a sermon against Chinese idols, the speaker saying that it was useless to serve idols, that they could not help any one. He was indignant and declared that he would never go there again. Four years later in the home in which he was working he picked up a book in which were pictured some of the miracle workings of Jesus. He sought information thereon and in its simplest form the story of the life of Jesus was told to him. He writes that it produced an effect on his heart just opposite to that made by the words against the Chinese gods. He was filled with delight. He had a great desire to learn more, and he remarked, "How I wish I could read the book myself." Members of the family volunteered to teach him, but before he had advanced much he left that home and had no opportunity for at least two years to go on with his studies. Coming to work in Oakland, he started out one Sunday morning to find the Chinese theater. On the street he met a Chinese acquaintance who said he was going to Sunday-school at the First Congregational Church. Jee Gam exclaimed: "That is the very place I want to go to!"

We let him tell his story now: "When I got there I asked the superintendent, Mr. W. K. Rowell, for the book about Jesus raising Lazarus and the widow's son to life. He brought me a Bible. I examined it and when I did not find the pictures o fthe two miracles I said, 'This is not the book! "But Mr. Rowell said, 'I will find the place.' And when he did so he read the stories to me. He took me to the class of Mrs. Mooar, wife of Rev. George Mooar, then the pastor of the First Congregational Church in Oakland. After six weeks in her class I went to work in her family, and whenever I was at leisure she or some member of the family would teach me to read. They invited me to join them in their family prayers; gave me verses to recite, just as they did to their own children. But the thing which affected me most was their fearless, consistent, Christian example. When the first Sabbath came they asked me to go to church with them. I was greatly surprised and hardly knew what to answer; but they were too earnest in their request for me to hesitate long. Are there any Chinese that attend your church, I inquired. 'No,' was the answer. I said, 'I am ashamed to go; people might laugh at me.' They assured me, that there would be no laughing; and they also said that I should sit with them in their own pew. On the next Sunday morning the same invitation was extended, and the third likewise. I kept on going, and all the while I was thinking more and more of their interest in me and their kindness to me, and I said to myself, 'There must be something in Christianity which makes this family so different from any other I have ever met.' I then resolved to choose Jesus for my Savior."

And then in that story written in 1893, at a time when Jee Gam was doing a great work among the Chinese people in San Francisco, he told how God had led him into his missionary work.

Soon after uniting with First Congregational Church of Oakland he went on a visit to his old home in China. Within a week after his return in June 1871 he was engaged to cook for Hopkins Academy in Oakland. His service was to begin when the term opened in the autumn. Again we let him tell his own story: "As I had more than a month to wait, the Rev. John Kimball, the first superintendent of the California Chinese Mission, proposed to have me go to Sacramento and spend a month in our mission school there. My duty was to gather the Chinese into the school, to assist in teaching them, and also to preach the gospel to them so far as I knew how. I did not feel competent to accept the position, but Mr. Kimball urged me to try. I made a little better success than I had anticipated. Toward the close of the month I wrote to Mr. Kimball stating that my month was nearly up, and that I had to come down to go to Hopkins Academy. He replied that I was doing nicely and that I had better keep on. The teacher also urged me to remain until the vacation of the school which was a fortnight hence. Accordingly I remained till the vacation, at which time I came down. Mr. Kimball, instead of releasing me, wanted me to continue in the work. He then sent me to start a new Chinese school at the Third Congregational Church. We soon found that our San Francisco school was twice as large as the one in Sacramento and I was needed here more than there.

"Thus I was unexpectedly called into the service of the Lord, and have continued therein these twenty-three years.

"In looking back over these thirty years of my life, I cannot help thinking how much our lives lie in God's hands, and how true the proverb, 'Man proposes; God disposes.' How great his wisdom! Who can doubt that the Lord led me to California, to Christianity, and to this work! Oh, how can I praise him enough, and thank him for his boundless mercies!"

We have allowed Jee Gam to lead us twenty-three years back from 1893. Let us look ahead from that date a few years. Many years thereafter a leader among his people here, devoted to every good work, worn and weary he started a few years ago to go back for his last days in the land of his birth. En route his spirit passed from the frail body to its higher home. But over in China today his sons, bearing the names of those noble Christian workers, Mooar, McLean and Pond, are building their lives into the future of that wide land. Educated in the greatest of our universities, young men of fine character and vision, they will put on that advancing civilization the stamp of that which is best and most enduring.

Notes.

Early in May the new Congregational Church building at Reno was dedicated. "The building is of brick and has a seating capacity of 500. It is handsomely finished and conveniently arranged and is an ornament to the town and a credit to the enterprising pastor, the Rev. Thomas Magill, and his congregation." So the Reno Journal was quoted. Dr. McLean gave the dedicatory sermon, and the prayer was by Dr. Warren.

The same month the North Congregational Church of Berkeley dedicated an edifice costing $6,000. The Rev. O. G. May wrote: "This new church enterprise is a marvel in several particulars. It is only about two years since Superintendent Wirt organized the North Berkeley Sunday-school. It is less than a year since the church was formed. Today there is a thriving Sunday-school, a united well- organized church, large and growing congregation, with a gifted and beloved pastor, all at home in a commodious and beautiful church edifice." J. Clarke Robbins was pastor.

On the 7th of June the Rev. H. Melville Tenney, pastor at San Jose, told of a great clean-up in that city and in the

county, and asked "Is this moral house-cleaning of San Jose and Santa Clara county a preparation prophetic of the coming of the capital?"

Early in June the news from Tacoma was: "The 28th day of May 1893 will be long remembered by those who attended services at the First Church. On that day the debt which has crippled her in many ways was virtually wiped out: Fourteen of the eighteen thousand dollars was raised with apparently very little effort." Edward Kimball, the church debt remover, was with them. On the 5th of July the word was that the entire amount was pledged.

In September the Rev. Henry L. Bates took charge of the preparatory department of "Pacific University" at Forest Grove, Oregon, beginning a service in that institution which continues yet today. Mr. Bates, an Oberlin graduate, was pastor of Plymouth Church, Seattle, for several years; then at Petaluma, and just before entering on this college work was pastor at Eugene, Oregon.

In the last issue for December it was stated in the Oregon Letter that the Rev. Dr. T. E. Clapp had had a call to Manchester, New Hampshire, and was about to accept. "The loss of the First Church of this city, indeed the loss to the cause of Christianity in the entire state, will be great by the departure of Dr. and Mrs. Clapp. During the nearly eight years of their connection with the First Church they have won the higest regard of the people both inside and outside the church. Of the present membership of 700 more than two-thirds have united since they came."

In December the Rev. Mahlon Willett resigned as pastor of the First Church of Spokane and came to Pilgrim Church, Oakland. Announcement was made about that time of a plan to unite the First Congregational Church of Spokane and Westminster Presbyterian Church, with the name Westminster Congregational Church.

It was in December that San Diego First lost its pastor, the Rev. W. C. Merrill, who resigned to take up work in New England. A graduate of Pacific Theological Seminary, Mr. Merrill's first work was at Sacramento as successor of Dr. Dwinell where he served for seven years.

In his letter of resignation at San Diego Mr. Merrill stated that he had left a large, wealthy, prosperous and united church and had come to a congregation disorganized and oppressed financially by the legacy of a 'boom.' He had hoped yearly for better times, opening the way for increased activity and a larger work. "Instead this poor city has been so beaten and pelted and buffeted as by some adverse fate that not only all prospect of advance is put several years away, but I can no longer ask you to raise the money necessary for my salary which if continued at its present standard must be felt in the decreased benevolent missionary offerings." The Pacific correspondent writes: "There was perhaps a touch of pride in the recollection when he said: 'Just before I came to this church, one of those tender epistles, an anonymous letter, came to me saying "I feel it my duty to tell you that the heart of this people is given to another," referring to a former pastor. And so it was as I found for a time to my sorrow. But it is not so today. In these three short years we have learned to love each other, and confide in one another, so that I dare to stand before you this morning and claim a united and happy people, say to you, 'No truer, warmer, heartier souls exist on earth than you have proved yourselves to be to me and mine'."

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION STATISTICS.

The annual statistics of the Young Men's Christian Association of North America are being compiled, and reflect the steady progress of this organization. The growth in buildings and equipment continues. The membership and various activities, educational, industrial, social, and religious, show substantial gains. For example, the number of buildings has grown from 359 in 1900, valued at $21,600,000 to 782 buildings in 1916,, valued at $83,300,000, besides $20,000,000 more in equipment, endowment, and building funds. In the past year twenty-three buildings, valued at over $6,000,000, have been opened, and as many more are being erected.

These buildings provide an almost endless variety of attractions for boys and young men, and over 700,000 have taken out membership tickets and twice as many use the buildings. Nearly 100,000 have been enrolled in vocational evening classes, 350,000 use the gymnasium privileges, 125,000 live in the Association dormitories, and 130,000 were registered in the various classes in religious education and Bible study.

The administration of these great manhood-building plants calls for a variety of talent and exceptional ability in the employed officers. In some buildings the annual expenses are more than $200,000 per year. There are not less than twenty different types of secretaries: social, educational, physical, and administrative. The total number of men giving their entire time to this work is nearly 5,000.

Where to get these men and train them technically and how to keep them fit, has come to be the biggest problem which the Associations face. It is met in a measure by the Association training colleges in Chicago and Springfield, Mass., but these provide less than one-fifth of the men required, besides making no provision for the needs of present secretaries. A most important training agency is the summer schools, of which there are now six located in various parts of the country. The largest is the Eastern Association School, held each year at Silver Bay, on Lake George. It started in 1903 with twenty-two students — last year there were 498 students from North America, including representatives of the Association in Asia, South Africa, and South America. This training school opened its fourteenth session August 2, and continues for the month. Among the faculty of about sixty teachers are well-known men, such as Professor Tyler, of Amherst, in biology; Professor Lyman, of Oberlin, in psychology of religion; Dr. George Fisher, in physical training; Dr. Graham Taylor, in social and industrial problems; Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale, in health subjects, and Professor Hutchins, of Oberlin, in Bible study. There will be present, besides, more than forty of the leading international, State, and local Association secretariees, who will conduct classes in religious education, business management, water sports, field athletics, baseball, psychology, as well as modern types of work for railroad and industrial men and for city and country boys.

Fred S. Goodman, one of the international secretaries, is principal of the school.

ZIONISM BRIEFLY STATED.

Recent meetings on behalf of getting for Jews a country they can call their own is thus described by Max Nordau: "There is nothing vague or hazy about the tenets of Zionism. It is easy to state them clearly and tersely, as follows:

"The Jews form not merely a religious community but

also a nation.

"There are Jews who sever their national bonds and tend towards the dissolution of the people of Israel in their non-Jewish surroundings. But the large majority of Jews, chiefly in eastern Europe, desire ardently to preserve their Jewish national identity. Zionism has no meaning for Jews who favor the melting-pot theory. It is the ideal of those who feel themselves as national Jews.

"These latter are convinced that in order to work out their possibilities of progress in civilization, to develop their character, to realize their heredity notions of morals, justice, and brotherhood, and to escape the blighting influence of hatred and persecution, they must be redeemed from their dispersion, be gathered together, and settle in a country of their own, where they may live a natural life as tillers of the soil.

"The only country answering this purpose is Palestine, the historic home of their forefathers, which for nearly two thousand years has never ceased to be the object of their yearning.

"Zionism does not pretend to lead back to the Holy Land of their ancestors all the Jews of the globe. The return of those that cling with all their heart to the country of their birth and of their citizenship is out of question. Only those will set out for the East who feel that there and nowhere else has life moral and material satisfaction and happiness in store for them.

"Zionism has not the ambition of founding an independent Jewish State, be it a kingdom or a republic. All it desires is that its adherents should be allowed to immigrate without any restraint into Palestine, to buy there as much land as they can obtain for their money, to enjoy autonomy and local administration, and not to be hampered in their earnest efforts to create culture and prosperity. It goes without saying that Zionistic Jews pledge themselves to observe the most scrupulous, most generous, loyalty towards the Power under whose sovereignty Palestine is placed.

"This is the case of Zionism, fully and sincerely, though shortly, expounded."

DISTINGUISHED BRITONS WHO ARE NOT AT NORTHFIELD THIS YEAR.

Distinguished sons of Great Britain, whose voices are missing at Northfield this season and whose absence is deplored, are giving valued service to the country of their birth, says the Boston Transcript. Rev. John Henry Jowett, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, is preaching in some London pulpit every Sunday through July. On week-days he is visiting churches that are suffering with especial keenness from the war.. Last week Thursday he spoke for the London Missionary Society at the City Temple and next month he expects to devote to the United Free Church of St. George's, Edinburgh. Dr. Douglas Adam, now of Hartford Theological Seminary, has been preaching in Tollington Park, North London. In a recent sermon from the text, "Be not anxious," he urged his hearers to strong and helpful concentration in the day of tempest.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, whose dominating personality has so permeated the Northfield of the past, presided over the July monthly meeting for united national prayer at the Queen's Hall, London, when he pleaded for more strenuous waiting upon God, describing waiting as not inertia but activity under command. Rev. F. B. Meyer, an old Northfiald favorite, and Admiral Sir G. F. King-Hall, K. C. B., were among those who led in prayer at the meeting. On the Sunday following the great battle off Jutland, Dr. Morgan preached in his own pulpit at Westminster Chapel upon "The Intercession of the Great High Priest," closing his prayer for soldiers and sailors with the sentence, "If in the midst of duty they are called to consummate their service in death, manifest thyself to them and lead them with the light of hope." For more than six months Dr. Mortance. And from the Rock Mountains to the sea is not a Wounded Soldiers.

Rev. John Hutton of Glasgow, an ardent patriot, abandoned his lectures on Deuteronomy precipitately and left the Northfield assembly for Scotland in 1914 at the outbreak of foreign hostilities. His forceful originality, humor, and poetic insight, combined with certain unconscious mannerisms, had made him a unique figure for several years and he has had no substitute in the succeeding summer conferences. His love of country was felt profoundly in a recent lecture delivered in Albert Hall, Manchester, when he spoke upon. "The Cross in the Poetry of Francis Thompson." Dr. Hutton placed Thompson close to Dante as a distinktively Christian poet and traced the path of personal pain through which Thompson had become able to interpret and transfigure suffering, even such suffering as now constitutes "the inner side of the war." Dr. Hutton followed in "The Hound of Heaven" Thompson's portrayal of the relentless pursuit by God of the human soul, its affections and allegiance, and then raised the thoughts of his hearers to the 139th Psalm, where the same theme is yet more simply and nobly set forth.

O Jehovah, Thou hast searched me and known me.

* * * * * *

Thou searchest out my path and my lying down.

* * * * * *

Thou hast beset me behind and before.

* * * * * *

Whither shall I go from thy Spirit?
Or whither shall I flee from thy presence?

* * * * * *

When I awake, I am still with thee.

BRITISH WOMEN AND THEIR WORK IN WAR TIME.

British women gave an impressive demonstration recently of their work in the war, says a London letter. Thousands of them took part in a parade through the central districts of London. The parade was divided into numerous sections with tableaux on lorries representing women in working costumes, showing how they have replaced men in various activities. There were women in overalls from munition factoriees, nurses, chauffeurs, street-car conductors, railroad workers and agricultural workers. In the procession also were floats in the form of emblematic memorials to Earl Kitchener and the soldiers and sailors who have been killed in the war. Other women impersonated detachments of troops from the British dominions and from all the allied armies. At the conclusion of the pageant wreaths were deposited on the monuments of Wellington and Nelson.

It is estimated that two million women are employed in the factories and other services. More than 500,000 are employed in making munitions, while practically every position of the lighter kind filled by men before the war began is occupied by women.

In a recent interview Sir Rider Haggard, who is now in Canada, declared the "superfluous" women of England are in industry to stay.

Before the war there were a million and a half of them,

and you know how the war has increased them. A million and a half, and not a man to marry them. The men weren't there. The women were, to be sure, pretty much in two classes, domestic servants, and the daughters of upper class families whom nobody cottoned to, so they just stopped at home.

"Now they have found something to do. Two million women earning wages. They'll stay."

When Sir Rider left England the London papers heralded his departure as a search for land overseas where these women could go.

"Nonsense," said Sir Rider, "there is no place on pioneer land for women.

Only domestic servants are wanted. Those come in increasing numbers, now that some have gone out and write back. That emigration has increased since the war, and will steadily go on.

"The two million women who have gone into the factories and other service for war work are to stay there. They would, you know."

The superfluousness of women in modern life he regarded as unavoidable, a hard fact. The male was the more delicate. More of him died in infancy. He didn't live as long. Nature didn't grant him the old age and endurance of women. To be sure he could level the forets of British Columbia, but that was another kind of strength.

Women were bound to be superfluous, and with this "one woman business," as compared to the six-wife plan of the Zulus, he knew so well in the days when he was writing "She," war brought extra hardships and no children to women.

"NO GENEROSITY AT THE CONCLUSION OF PEACE."

This is what a Bulgarian paper, The Naradin Prava, said not long ago, when the odds were on the side of the Central Powers:

"Very soon the Bulgarian diplomats will have to speak at the general peace conference. They will have to demonstrate and theoretically prove the Bulgarian claims which have already been fully established by the force of our arms. The question of Serbia's future and our relations with the neighboring States will all have to be discussed and definitely formulated. In these matters, especially in regard to the future of our real enemy—Serbia—our diplomats will have to be circumspect and, most important of all, strictly inexorable. Our diplomats will have to lay aside all sentiment, all human consideration and feeling. The continued existence of Serbia, no matter in what form, means the subversion of all peace in the Balkans, constant quarrels, and conflicts between Bulgaria and other nations, and a permanent obstacle to the prosperity and peaceful development of Europe. That State, which since the beginning of its independent existence, has been a breeding place of dissension and strife, must be wiped off the face of the earth, in order to establish an understanding for peaceable cultural work in other nations of Europe and the Balkans. This is neither malice nor barbarity on our part. It is one of the main necessities for the future of humanity, and principally for ourselves and our neighbors. The relations between Germany and her western neighbor are similar to those between Bulgaria and Serbia. That is why it is the bounden duty of our diplomats to take to heart Bismark's motto: 'No generosity at the conclusion of peace.' "

SOME EARLY OREGON HISTORY.

J. E. Walker.

In my journeys about it was my good fortune to be present at the annual gathering of the Oregon Pioneers in Portland, Oregon, June 22. The Association includes all who came to Oregon or Oregon Territory before the admission of Oregon to the Union in February of 1859. The Pioneer Dinner has usually been given in the Armory; but this year the Armory was given over to young men bound for the Mexican border; and the dinner was given in Municipal Dock, No. 1. It was surprising to see how many hundreds were seated at the tables. It also was very interesting to converse with the oldest among the veterans, and hear of the dangers they encountered and the hardships they overcame.

First in the order of time of coming to Oregon was Cyrus H. Walker, 1838 and next was Edwin Eeels, 1841. I saw also one man wearing an 1842 badge; but there were several wearing the badge of 1843, and also of 1844. Cyrus Walker, Edwin Eells and myself, (1844) came by the "Stork Route" and a retired clergyman wearing an 1847 badge told me that he came "Infantry in arms," while a lady who wore an 1844, said that she was born in 1844, not in Oregon, but in an emigrant wagon in Kansas. Still another Pioneer complained that he could not register because he did not know in what state he was born.

My mother in her diary in the autumn of 1847 speaks of the unusually large immigration that had come and the sad condition in which they arrived. At some point along the route the infection of the "Mountain fever" prevailed, and train after train of immigrants contracted it with fatal results. They also communicated this disease and also the measles to the Cayuse Indians; and they traded guns and ammunition for provisions, with the Indians who were thus emboldened to attack and massacre those whom they thought were poisoning them.

Sometimes my mind reverts to the herd of two thousand swine which were stampeded by the legion of demons connecting it with the contamination of that emigrant route and the stampeding of their stock in the night by prowling Indians. What might not have been the contaminating effect of the pasturing of a herd of two thousand hogs on the hills from which flowed the springs or at the feet of which may have been located the wells from which tens of thousands of people drank. Perhaps the drowning of that excessively large herd of swine prevented more sickness than Christ cured in all his ministry.

In examining the different accounts of the Whitman Massacre given by different eye witnesses, I am reminded of the variations in the accounts of the Trial and Crucifixion of our Lord given by the Four Evangelists. Mrs. Eliza Spalding Warren seems to give the impression that the massacre took place in the afternoon; Mrs. Lorinda Bewley Chapman in telling me about it gave me the impression that it began about noon; but Mrs. Catherine Sager Helm says that it began just at the forenoon recess in the school, say 10 or 10:30 a. m.

The only thing mythical about the "Whitman Myth" is the charge that it was instigated by the Roman Catholic priests. My father, the Rev. Elkanah Walker, always combatted this assertion. He said that the bringing in of fatal disease by the immigrants, the large supply of fire arms and munitions traded off to the Indians, together with a large supply of goods for barter with them which Dr. Whitman had just laid in all combined to provoke the resentment, embolden the savages and tempt their cupidity; and in addition to this a victorious war party had just returned with

fresh scalps to rouse the savage lust for blood. All these are amply sufficient to account for the bloody deed without implicating the priests who were brave, self-sacrificing men.

In the diary of Mrs. Mary R. Walker, my mother, occurs this entry in November, 1838.

"Saturday 3. Mr. Pambrun sent us a quarter of beef. He was expecting some Catholic priests to visit him; and so he slew the old cream colored cow which was twenty-three years old. He also sent the trips, and so I had the job of cleaning it.

"Mr. P. also invited the gentlemen here to call over and make his guests a visit. They hardly knew what to do about accepting, but finally concluded that it was best to do so."

Dr. W., Mr. W. and Mr. Eells have gone, but they soon returned with the news that the priests had been drowned by the wrecking of the boat on which they were traveling on the river. I presume that "Priests Rapids" on the Upper Columbia got the name from, and commemorates, this disaster.

North Yakima, Wash., July 15, 1916.

A COMMUNITY STUDENT CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

At Corvallis, Oregon, is located the Oregon Agricultral College, with an annual enrollment of 4,000 students, of which number at least 2,000 are regulars.

Readers of The Pacific will be interested in learning what the Congregational Church at Corvallis, of which the Rev. Edwin T. Sherman is pastor, is doing and is planning to do at this strategic center.

The Church at Corvallis has initiated a building movement that it may adequately meet the two-fold opportunity of a combined student and town work.

For the past five years and more the Church has been laboring under the disadvantage of an antiquated building and an exceedingly poor location. Now a new building is to be located on the finest site in the city.

A student church organization has been combined with the community or town church (Congregational) and is said to be "one of the most unique in the history of Congregationalism and presents a most remarkable case of effective combination of town and student body in a common, aggressive religious organization."

This student organization trains the students in definite church activities such as they will be called upon to undertake and sometimes initiate after leaving college. The students are thus prepared to intelligently assume important religious responsibilities in their own home church or in any church or community where they may locate. The Student Church is in reality a Religious Training School operating along religious educational lines while the students are receiving education along other and intellectual lines. And this religious training is all done in an actively operating plant that is meeting the actual needs of real community life.

With a modern building located near to the College this work will advance more rapidly than at present. The wonder is that the work has succeeded so well under adverse circumstances.

Although the plan is original with the Corvallis pastor, there is no patent or copyright upon it.

The following are some of the important ideas in the plan of the Student Church:

Dominant Ideas.

The following ideas are embodied in the constitution of the First Student Church, affiliated with the First Congregational Church of Corvallis, Oregon, the home of the Oregon Agricultural College:

A student church for students only.

A full list of officers and committeemen, similar to those of the community church.

Emphasis on the act of uniting with the church.

Actual participation in the preparation and serving of the sacraments by the proper officers of the student church.

A budget, prepared, raised, and expended by the trustees.

The Apportionment Plan and evelope system in actual operation.

A treasurer and clerk, with their usual work.

The Superintendent of the Student Sunday-school to be the assistant in the Community Sunday-school.

All officers and committeemen of the Student Church to meet with the Community Church officers and committeemen, so as to get into vital contact with actual community problems.

Aggresive work in seeking others for membership in the Student and Community Churches.

Affiliation with the Community Church; the pastor of the Community Church to be the pastor of the Student Church, and church services to be held in common with the Community Church.

Two classes of members—Class A and Class B.

Class A members are those uniting with the church for the first time or, who transfer their membership from another church.

Class B members are those who are members of other churches and wish to retain membership in the home church.

Both Class A and Class B members are on equal footing in the Student Church, but Class A members become active members in the Community Congregational Church, while Class B members become associate members in that church.

The relationship between the Community Church and the Student Church is most cordial and mutually helpful.

A BIT OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

"Independence Day" Eighty Years Ago.

This holiday (July 4th) recalls times and scenes of olden days, which are quite fresh in memory still.

Independence Day was our only national holiday. We called it "Training Day," because on that day our militia met for military practice, consisting mainly in marching, in single file, in platoons and companies, led by a few musicians, with fifes, drums and bugles. These last gave us music, marvelously sweet as it seemed to us.

In those days the law required all males between eighteen and forty-five years of age to belong to some military company and to spend at least one day in the year in "training," and "Independence Day" was our annual training day. Our regiment had one artillery company, to which I was proud to belong. It was the only uniformed company, and marched at the head of the regiment. We were proud of our gay uniform, and were the cynosure of all eyes. Our uniform consisted of white trousers, a red coat freely trimmed with gold braid, and a curious helmet cap made of cloth and leather, in which was stuck a straight plume, fifteen inches long, made of short white feathers woven about a center of wire, with a tuft of red. We had a nice brass cannon, called a "six pounder," which made a, to us, marvelous noise, and frightened horses and small boys. I held the rank of corporal in that artillery company, and my duty was to keep my platoon in a straight line while marching—a very difficult task, as few of them

knew how to "keep step" with the music.

But Independence day was not only training day, but also oration day. The only orations we used to hear, aside from pulpit harangues, were these Fourth of July speeches. To hear these, some shady spot was found to which we marched in long procession, headed by our general, colonel and major, on horses, then our soldiers, the artilery company in the lead, and then the long troop of civilians gathered from several towns. These were led by one or two revolutionary soldiers, in a wagon (no carriages in those days) who, for this one day in the year, were objects of great reverence and served as living illustrations for the eloquence of the orators. At other times they were derided for their poverty and general worthlessness.

Independence day was a great time for us youngsters—a day of freedom from farm drudgery, of foot journey to some neighbor town, and of unstinted social joys, our only general play day. On that day every boy expected a stick of home-made molasses candy, and (if he could muster the needful six cents) a cake of "gingerbread" made of rye flour, molasses and saleratus. This was a flat cake, four by six inches in size, and three-fourths of an inch thick, to be had on this day only. Today, every man of eighty years, who was a country boy, remembers "training day" as the great day of the year.

And those revolutionary soldiers, how well I remember them! They were as common then as soldiers of the war of 1860 are now. Almost all of them were "pensioners," drawing their annual twelve dollars more or less from the U. S. Treasury, with which they bought one suit of home-spun woolen clothes and spent the rest in cider brandy, on which they kept drunk, most of the time, as long as the money lasted. My maternal grandfather was a revolutionary soldier, but not a pensioner. He was a well-to-do farmer, a Christian man, and never applied for a pension.

One of these pensioners was next door neighbor to my father. He was a jolly old fellow and we all liked and despised him. I well remember, when I was sixteen years old, trying to hold him up when drunk. He swung around me, and kept saying, "I shan't fall—you can't get me down," and when, in spite of holding, he fell flat, he said, "You have got me down, after all!" He had a big maple log in his yard, too tough for him to split with the axe, into which he had bored a hole with a two-inch auger, intending at sometime to blast it. I asked him one day, "Grandpa, when are you going to blow that log?" His reply was, "Oh, sometime, when two Sundays come together with a dry rain."

Those old pensioners were a jolly, worthless lot, generally, and will never be duplicated. The soldier pensioners of today are very unlike them and when these are gone, God grant we may never have another set. For this end, if no other, may we have no war with Mexico.

J. ROWELL.

THE EARLY MISSIONARIES AND ARCHITECTURE IN HAWAII.

The architecture of the island of Hawaii has undoubtedly been very much influenced by the early missionaries who came here nearly 100 years ago. In fact, the first three missionary families, the Lymans, Coans and Wetmores, were the first white people on the island, and they soon built for themselves houses as nearly as possible like the ones they had left in Massachusetts, says Laura Baldwin Doolittle in the Portland Oregonian.

All the homes here previous to that time had been of grass, even the missionaries themselves living in grass huts for several years, but all the while longing for the stability and conveniences of their former homes. Consequently, as soon as possible, they built for themselves frame houses, the lumber of which had to be brought from New Bedford in sailing vessels.

These three houses are still intact, and comfortable homes. Father Coan's has not been altered, but remains as it was originally built, a roomy New England colonial house. The other two have had several additions, and thus lost a little of their austerity. The material for these three, as far as practical, was brought in sections around the Horn, and took months to get here.

Carpenters were not to be had until the natives could be taught the trade. Father Lyman immediately founded a trades school to teach the boys carpentry, cabinet making and farming. This school is, with many additions, still in existence and doing splendid work.

It was after this same industrial school that General Armstrong patterned Hampton Institute, and it was not until 40 years after Father Lyman started his school that the first of the many manual-training schools in the United States was inaugurated in Boston.

The following generation, although building much finer and much more pretentious homes, more ornate with less true art, still followed the New England type, and thus we find some of the finest homes on the island are of this same period of architecture.

The missionarie brought fine old colonial furniture, heirlooms in the family, that proved the patterns for the furniture makers, four-poster beds, old colonial bureauf, highboys and chests of drawers, tables and chairs of the Martha Washington period. At first, when visiting different homes in Hilo, I was amazed at the prevalence of good old colonial furniture, but after an afternoon spent at the industrial school watching the boys being taught to make furniture in the good old honest way, hand-rubbed and perfectly joined, I marveled no more. They use the native mahogany, koa, and it is beautiful, a perfect golden mahogany that looks like that of the early cabinet makers in Virginia and Louisiana.

The New England style of architecture is very good for this island. High ceilings, French doors and windows opening out upon porches give plenty of air. Sunshine and air they must have to keep the house from too much dampness. There is from 200 to 300 inches annual rainfall, with everything around green and luxuriant. There is no glare of sand and the earth is the richest velvety brown, consequently one wants the sunshine and plenty of light. It is not hot here, either. All preconceived notions of a tropical country are put to rout.

There are a few new California bungalows here, but they do not seem to just suit this climate and environment, look a little out of place. Low ceilings and broad overhanging roofs, with the usual bungalow veranda so often walled in, are conducive to dampness, and as much as people try to tell me that a bungalow is just the thing for the tropics I cannot agree with them for the island of Hawaii.

LIQUOR AND LABOR IN CALIFORNIA.

E. Guy Talbott.

In 1910 the population of California was 2,377,549. According to the Government census of the same year there were 141,576 people in California engaged in manufacturing, of which number 115,296 were wage earners. Of these wage earners, 3,265 or 2.8 per cent were engaged in

the liquor industries. Their total wages were $2,200,949, or 2.6 per cent of the total wages in the State of $84,141,477.

The last report of the State Labor Commissioner gives a report of the first census of manufacturers ever made by the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The report covered 1,576 establishments, employing a total of 77,889 people, of whom 11,863 were salaried employees, such as clerks, and 66,026 were wage earners. The total amount paid for salaries was $17,405,894 and for wages $52,054,483, a grand total to employees of $69,460,377.

Among these establishments were 126 liquor establishments as follows: distilled liquors, 10; malt liquors, 48; vinous liquors, 68. These establishments employed a total of 3,142 people, of whom 231 were in distilled liquors, 1,821 in malt liquors, and 1,195 in vinous liquors. Of this total number, 608 were salaried employees and 2,534 were wage earners. The total paid employees in the manufacture of distilled liquors was $238,019; malt liquors, $2,488,329; vinous liquors $931,638; making a total of $3,654,986 of which $1,250,680 was paid to salaried employees and $2,404,306 to wage earners.

An analysis o fthe above figures shows that 4 per cent of the employees in the establishments investigated are engaged in manufacturing liquors, and 3.8 per cent of the wage earners. Of the total amount which was paid to employees, 5.2 per cent was paid by liquor establishments. Of the total amount paid to wage earners the liquor establishments paid 4.6 per cent. In all California industries the amount paid in salaries was 25 per cent of the whole amount paid employees, and wages 75 per cent. In the liquor industries, salaries received 52 per cent and wages 48 per cent.

In the United States as a whole, fourteen leading industries, exclusive of liquors, paid to salaried employees 19 per cent and to wage earners 81 per cent of the total paid for services. The liquor industries paid for salaries 36 per cent and for wages 64 per cent.

If the voters of California adopt the two proposed Prohibition Amendments in November, the first will go into effect January 1, 1917 and will throw out of employment about 10,000 saloon keepers and bartenders. The second will go into effect January 1, 1920, over three years after the election, and will put out of business all those engaged in manufacturing liquors.

The liquor advocates have stated that 150,000 people would be thrown out of work in the wine industry alone, and that a total of one eighth of the population of the State would be directly affected. That these figures are very much exaggerated is apparent when the above figures are studied. The exaggeration is much more apparent when we read the following statement from the last report of the California Development Board:

"California is the most important factor in viticulture in the United States. It has over 90,000,000 vines, more than all the rest of the United States. It represents an investment of $150,000,000, which returns an annual income to the grower of $20,000,000. Over 100,000 people are dependent upon California's viticultureal industry. This includes 15,000 heads of families that own vineyards, 700 wine makers, and the laborers who do the picking and hauling, besides those employed in the wineries and those engaged in cultivating and handling our raisin and table grapes."

They report that table grape growers received in 1915 a total net for their crop of $4,434,341, and in addition, wage earners were paid $2,217,224 for packing and handhauling the crop. Raisin grape growers received in 1915 over $10,000,000, and the wage earners in picking and handling the crop received an additional $3,000,000. The total valuation of the wines exported from the State was $6,250,000. The report does not state how much of this went to the grower and how much to the wage earner, as it does in the case of table and raisin grapes, but the grower and wage earner received relatively a very small part of the total.

POMONA COLLEGE MARINE LABORATORY.

Registration Of Students Breaks Records This Season.

Down at Laguna Beach there is now in session a summer school that is attracting students from all over Southern California. Groups of college men and women are earnestly pursuing biological research and nature study at the Pomona College Marine Laboratory under the scientific leadership of Professor Wm. A. Hilton who is at the head of the Zoological Department of the college at Claremont. For the past six years a summer school has been conducted at Laguna under the auspices of the college and this season the registration breaks all former records. The handsome building which houses the school is crowded with students and several new courses are offered. Professor Hilton has a number of assistants, notably Dr. Bean of Oregon who is giving a course in ecology and seaweeds, Dr. Chamberlin of Harvard, an expert in mammalian embryology and human neurology who will give special work, Miss Anna Hills, who is conducting a course in art especially directed to biological illustration, and a Cornell professor who will give another special course.

One of the interested and interesting students is Miss Margaret Moles who won her B. A. degree at Pomona College in zoology last June and who is taking post graduate work at the marine laboratory at Laguna. Miss Moles distinguished herself during her college career by specializing on the humble spider—a creature usually regarded as distinctly horrid by her sex. Miss Moles glorified this much-hated insect, her clever brush portraying him in such fascinating style that even the most timid and retiring woman who ever brushed a spider with a shiver of horror was compelled to gaze with admiration on his pictured form. This clever young woman has so distinguished herself in her biological studies that she has been awarded a fellowship at Cornell whither she will go this fall to further pursue her research.

Professor Pininger of Lordsburg is giving an interesting course on birds at the Laguna laboratory. Every Saturday which is field day, one may see groups of students tramping about the lagoons in the canyons just shoreward from Laguna led by this enthusiastic bird man, studying the winged creatures that haunt these inland lakes. Sometimes they go as far as San Juan Capistrano.

Headed by Professor Hilton, another group of nature lovers tramp up the coast to Balboa in search of specimens of sea and animal life. Over fifty specimens of shells have been collected within a limited range and the sand, rocks and seaweeds are literally alive with many sorts of crustacea. In the numerous tide pools along the shore are unusual and interesting types of sea life including a rare species of blind fish. Now and then sharks have been captured, not exactly the man-eating variety that have caused havoc reecntly on the Atlantic coast, but of sufficient size and with such shovel noses as to create considerabel interest. Nearly 100 specimens of seaweed have been identi-

fied, and sponges, simple and complex, are found in the kelp.

One would never dream that there are so many varieties of butterflies around Laguna, but in the cases in the Pomona College Laboratory there are scores of specimens, many of them great wide-winged creatures superbly mottled and marked in gorgeous colors.

The rugged clifts, the level stretches of shore, the high hillls and the great variety of plant and animal life make Laguna an ideal situation for a biological laboratory. The building erected by Pomona College for this purpose is a substantial, two-story structure at the foot of the cliffs a short distance back from the ocean and convenient to one A tank house near by furnishes salt water for the aquarium and lecture room with cement floor in the front and beyond are two commodious class rooms. On the second floor are eight private laboratories fitted up for special investigators. A tank house near by furnishes salft water for the aquarium which is an interesting feature and draws hundreds of visitors from the beach summer residents. In the tanks are strange and wonderful forms of sea life, rare and curious fish, sea snails, keyhole limpets, sea hares, sea urchins, star fish and quantities of specimens with beautiful and brilliant markings and colors. There are also cases of bees, bugs and beetles, native to Laguna, which with the wonderful display of butterfles offer education and entertainment to the casual visitor. Frequent evening lectures are given to which the public is invited.

Near the laboratory is a village of tents with dining hall where students may live. By way of recreation there are picnics, beach suppers and excursions to Laguna Heights, Arch Beach, to the picturesque canyons and all the joys of camp life, which so appeal to students that they regard these summer sessions at Laguna as one long, delightful picnic of unusual educational value in scientific laboratory work for which credit is given in the regular course.

SYDNEY FORD.

Los Angeles, July 25.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

At the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco next Monday there will be brief reports from the Yosemite conference and discussion thereof.

The Congregational Church at San Jose was supplied last Sunday by the Rev. E. Sinclair Smith, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Coalinga, originally a Congregationalist.

The pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley will be occupied next Sunday by the Rev. Dr. James M. Campbell of Claremont. Dr. Campbell is the author of several of the most widely-read books of recent years.

The Rev. George Atkinson, after thirteen years of fine service at Campbell, has resigned as pastor there and has accepted a call from the church at Martinez. The Rev. Mr. Stone, who has been pastor at Martinez since he graduated from Pacific Theological Seminary, has found it necessary to have a dryer climate and goes to Hurley, New Mexico.

The Rev. Dr. Goodspeed has resigned as pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland after eight years of service. Dr. Goodspeed leaves the church in excellent condition. It is united, harmonious, and successful in its new location. When he took charge eight years ago the building at the old location was out of repair and the church was in debt $55,000. The indebtedness is paid; the church occupies its new edifice on Broadway and 26th street, and has besides other property in Oakland valued at $40,000. After a few weeks Dr. and Mrs. Goodspeed will go East where they have property interests which require attention. They plan, however, to spend their winters in Oakland.

Rev. Herbert A. Jump of Redlands is enjoying leave of absence in New England. He and his family are spending the summer in a cottage at Juniper Point, West Boothbay Harbor, Me. In the same summer colony are Rev. Harry Emerson Fosdick, a well-known writer of religious books; Prof. Kellar of Yale and Rev. Reuben Breed, secretary of the Chicago City Missionary Society. Mr. Jump fills in his Sundays by supplying churches round Boston. He is at Newton Highland August 20; Albany, N. Y., August 27; Eliot Church, Newton, September 3. He reports New England as being far more uncomfortable in its heat than Southern California. Though in New England he nevertheless is publishing a book of appreciation of the West. His "Yosemite—A Spiritual Interpretation" has notice in The Pacific this week.

The Rev. Dr. C. N. Queen, who has had pastorates at Fresno, Los Angeles and Calexico, has taken charge of the United Brethren Church in Oakland. Dr. Queen began his ministry in the United Brethren Church, but has labored for the most part as a Congregationalist. For the last month he has been editing for publication the addresses and proceedings of the recent Social Service Congress in Los Angeles. The month of August he will spend at Long Beach reporting the Chautauqua for the daily papers of that city. A Congregational United Brethren as pastor of the United Brethren Church of Oakland is fitting. When the Fourth Congregational Church, now called Calvary, moved from its old location, the property was sold to the United Brethren; several of the members of the Congregational Church entered the United Brethren Church and are members there today. The nucleus of the church was accordingly considerably Congregational; and the present membership represents ten or twelve different denominations.

RECEPTION TO BE GIVEN MISS MICHI KAWAI BY THE YU AI KAI.

Miss Michi Kawai was formally prensented to the Yu Ai Kai, a society of "American Friends of Japanese Women" at a social gathering last week. A larger reception has been planned to which everyone interested is invited, to be held Thursday afternoon August 10th in the Red Room of the St. Francis Hotel at 2:30 o'clock.

No one who came under the spell of Miss Kawai's charming personality and eloquent presentation of the need of sympathetic Christian interest by American women toward her countrywomen will willingly forego the pleasure of again meeting her; nor will one go without inviting others to share the delightful privilege.

A graceful figure robed in soft grays of a Japanese costume, with face alight from culture of mind and heart, Miss Kawai impressed her hearers with her deep spirituality and the thorough preparedness for her work as National Secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association of Japan. The Yu Ai Kai is a co-operating society with the Japanese Y. W. C. A. of San Francisco, which makes Miss Kawai's advice and information particularly

pertinent and helpful.

The condition of Japanese women today was touched upon—at this critical time of change and unrest when old ideals have been cast aside, and the spirit of the women imperiled by the dangers of a liberty new and unaccustomed, is played upon by influences novel and diversified, varying in good and evil, and confusing in their variety and dazzling in their complexity.

With the good that America sends across the ocean goes also the evil that is native to our shores—the foolish frivolity of some of our social life, tango-dancing and bridge-playing, wide distribution of cigarettes and gum and beer, presented with the implication that these are the universal indulgences of American women. Miss Kawai recognizes the impossibility of preventing the influx of these influences, but urges that we help cultivate the minds and hearts of the women that they may be strong to resist the evil tendencies just as we strengthen our bodies that they may be powerful to resist health-destroying germs.

To the criticism that has been made against carrying on Foreign Missions in Japan on account of the high standard of excellence in education and art and manner of living which the country has attained, Miss Kawai naively asked "Must a people be revolting in its deformity before it can receive aid?" "Consider us rather," she continued, "as a nation very young who needs the care that a mother bestows upon the baby in her arms, recognizing the potentiality latent in the little helpless form. If a child asks for bread will it be given a stone? When Japan asks for something high to live by—to build upon, will its womanhood be given cigarettes, moving pictures, and immoral literature? We ask you for the bread of life."—R. B. F.

PURE WATER FOR A MILLION CALIFORNIANS.

A million people in California are drinking chlorinated water, according to the California State Board of Health. This means that one-third of the population of the State is assured of a fairly safe water supply.

"As a cheap and reasonably efficient method of removing the dangers due to the presence of typhoid and like germs, there is no form of treatment known at the present time that can compare with chlorination. The California State Board of Health has recommended and sponsored the use of this method of water purification for a great many of the water supplies of the State. Among the cities that have recently adopted this method are Los Angeles, Oakland, Sacramento, San Diego, Pasadena, San Jose, Eureka, Antioch, Benicia, Auburn, Pittsburg, National City, La Mesa, San Diego, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Monterey, Redding, Merced, Falls, El Centro, Berkeley and Alameda. In addition, public swimming pools in Oakland and San Francisco are also chlorinated.

"One of the most striking examples of the efficiency of chlorination in purifying water is shown in the experience of the city of Sacramento. In 1914, before chlorinating the water supply of that city, there were 253 cases of typhoid fever, while during the first six months of 1916, since the purification system has been installed, there were but eight typhoid cases, reported.

"The flexibility of chlorination plants is greatly in favor of this method, since it may be used for a supply as small as 100,000 gallons per day for a town like Merced Falls, with a population of 1500, or for a supply of ten million gallons per day, serving a population of 180,000, as in the city of Oakland.

"Forty chlorination plants are reported as already installed in Oregon, Washington, Arizona, Utah and New Mexico, while twenty-nine plants are now installed in California. The California State Board of Health is recommending this method of purification, to all cities drawing their water supplies from questionable sources, and as soon as this method has been adopted in all cities of the State which draw their water supplies from such sources, there will, no doubt, follow great reductions in the communicable disease rates."

The Home.

A LIFE OF POISE.

Isaiah 26:3. Thou will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee.

Anxious, troubled lives are not strong lives. Great strength is seen in that which is calm, quiet and composed. The loud voice and the irritable nature suggest a lack of composure. The great ocean, with its unfathomed depth, its regularity of tides, its unlimited power and its far-reaching, never-ending shores, is quiet and calm in its matchless strength. The tides are regular and sure. In its wild commotion and extreme fury it is not stronger than in its placid, regular, constant, unceasing ebb and flow.

The rugged, snow-crowned mountains, with their solid granite sides and their vast, far-stretching forests, are serene and sublime in their stillness and strength. The stars and planets which illustrate infinity send their rays of light and twinkle on amid the darkness of the night without noise or confusion. They move in their courses, undisturbed and never changing.

Solitude is truly "the mother country of the strong," and in "quietness and confidence" we are told to "possess our souls." To be known as calm and reliable is to reveal character and power. The source of this strength is a faith in the divine. It means permanence and stability, and these mean character. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

The one of whom we think is the one who controls our motives and purposes. If our minds are stayed upon God, if we trust him, we will ever be kept in perfect peace and have the power of control as well as the control of power.

Concentration of mental development means the development of the mind and growth in intellectual capacity. When this is coupled with a reality of faith in the unseen God, man becomes mighty because God enters into his very being and controls his motives. Kept by the power of God day by day and hour by hour, means the development of that calm, deliberate strength and unvarying influence which marks the real giant of these times.

All kinds of irritabilities arise during the day, unexpected changes, conditions which have not been anticipated, errors of judgment on the part of others, quick words and hasty sentences, loss of temper, exasperating remarks, cynical looks, unfair and untruthful statements, wrong judgments—all these are bound to occur, but the one whose mind is stayed on Christ will be sustained, will be kept "in perfect peace." His mind and heart are centered on the unseen God, the Eternal Mind, the holy justice of the loving heart of the Master. He will be kept because he trusts in the Unseen, because he is shielded from unseen foes by faith.

Abiding in Christ suggests mental harmony with him, the human heart and mind in touch and in sympathy with the divine life of the Master.—John Timonthy Stone in The Continent.

For The Children.

THE CONTENTED FORGET-ME-NOT.

Far, far away, in an immense forest, filled with pines, cedars and fragrant myrtle, there flowed a sparkling little stream of water. It was clear and bright, and it danced about so gaily as it went along, and its soft murmurings were so joyful that everyone loved it. The birds would skim lightly across it, just lovingly touching the surface with their feathers, and the swallows often kissed it on its way.

The little stream was quite used to all the attention paid it, and went on its way unspoiled, always light-hearted and happy, careless, but not all unheeding, for there was one whose homage it treasured—one whom it loved with its whole heart—a gentle little forget-me-not, which grew just behind a great stone on the bank. In her simple mind she had no idea that she was so loved by the lively little stream; and she would have been very much surprised had she known how annoyed it was that the great, smooth stone separated it from Forget-me-not and hindered it from just once—only once—kissing her. The tiny flower often watched with great admiration the bold attempts the stream made to jump over the stone. She could not understand why it should try to do so, and why it should dash itself against the stone so often, when it always fell back white all over with foam. How she nodded and laughed when once some sparkling drops of spray came flying over and touched her cool green leaves. The stream laughed, too, and went on its way in high glee.

Often a swallow would come and sit upon the great, smooth stone, and chat with Forget-me-not, for they were both very dear friends. The swallow would tell her all about the distant lands he had seen, and of his little wife at home, o fthe cosy nest they had built, and of the three little eggs that lay in it, till sometimes she began to think how delightful it would be if only she could peep into the happy swallow's nest, where three fine little swallows had just come out. One day, as she was thinking, a gentle rustle, as of the finest silk, made her look up, and there she saw, standing on the stone beside her, a dazzlingly beautiful creature, extremely slender, and with four glittering and transparent wings which seemed to flash back every color of the rainbow. The visitor kept opening and folding its wings, so that Forget-me-not could not make up her mind whether it meant to go or stay. But she spoke to it in her own kind way. "Who are you?" she asked modestly. "I have never met you before."

"I should think not, indeed!" replied the stranger disdainfully. "We seldom come to this part of the country." Then, spreading out its gauzy wings, and gazing on them with great satisfaction, it added condescendingly, "My name is Dragon-fly."

Forget-me-not was silent for a while. The visitor's proud manner and grand name made her feel shy. Presently she spoke: "How do you like being here?"

"Oh, fairly well," replied the Dragon-fly. "I would like it a great deal better if that silly little stream wouldn't make such a noise and fuss."

"Little!' exclaimed Forget-me-not, feeling grieved at the stranger's slighting remark about her friend.

"Yes, little. You don't think it so, because you are such a stay-at-home. You haven't seen the world. If only you knew what a large pond I and my sisters had to dance over, you would understand that this wretched, conceited little stream can't please me much."

Why did you not remain there?" asked Forget-me-not in surprise.

"Because one day, when we were dancing, I leaped far up above them all, far over the tree-tops, and then I lost my way and came here."

"I should like just once to fly over the trees," said Forget-me-not, thinking of the swallow's nest.

"I should think so, indeed. It must be a dreadfully tedious life to have to stand there all alone. I wonder you can bear it!"

"No, no!" cried Forget-me-not quickly. "You must not think that I am disconteted. I love my place so mucn. I have everything that I wish for. All day long I can look up at the beautiful trees and the blue sky, and listen to the glad songs of all living things around me; and at night I have glorious dreams as I gaze at the stars keeping watch over me. No! I would not leave this lovely spot, and all my friends—the stream, this stone beside me, the water, the moss, and all the others. Oh! do not think I am discontented or unhappy."

"No, I believe you; but if you had seen the world as I have you would think otherwise," said the Dragon-fly, rising on its fine legs and again spreading out its wonderful wings. "Yet how was it you wanted all at once to fly?" it added.

"Ah! I have been longing all day just to peep into the swallow's nest, ever since he brought me the good news of his three little ones," replied Forget-me-not.

"Into a swallow's nest!" cried the Dragon-fly in terror. "Oh, what a simple little thing you are! The swallow is the most crafty and terrible creature in the world!"

"My swallow is certainly not that," declared Forget-me-not.

"Bah!" exclaimed the Dragon-fly, thinking the forget-me-not very simple and stupid. "If you only knew the world as I do!"

"I am glad not to know the world then."

"You cannot really mean that in earnest! If you realised how beautiful the world is, you would not be content to remain where you are, always thinking the same slow old thoughts."

"I like my thoughts," replied Forget-me-not gently, "and they are not always the same. There are so many beauties near me which it is a joy to think about."

"What joy can there be in thinking?" sneered the Dragon-fly. "I mean to enjoy the world, to dance, to play, and show myself everywhere, so that others may admire me," and she spread out her brilliant wings and darted over the surface of the stream to have a look at herself in the water. But as the spray dashed high in the air and damped her sheeny wings she became angry, and said that the stream had no courtesy, and was a rough, rude fellow.

"No! Don't say that," cried Forget-me-not in a pained way. "He is a dear happy fellow, and does not mean it unkindly."

"I see," said the Dragon-fly. "You love him, I suppose, and would like him to love you."

Forget-me-not shook her head. She did not understand Dragon-fly. "Why should I not like him?" she asked

simply.

"Yes, you, certainly. But do you think that he would trouble himself about such a stupid little thing as you are? How charmingly interesting that would be! Now, just see how well I can get on with him." And spreading out her wings, the Dragon-fly began flying first up in the air and down almost to the water. And then, when the stream made as if it would catch her, she would skim lightly away, and spread out her dazzlling wings till they shone and glistened like jewelled gossamer.

Forget-me-not looked on, half sadly and half amused at the fun, and by and by Dragon-fly came and sat down beside her again, and asked her if it was not fine to see how much the stream wanted to catch her, and if she did not wish she could do like that.

"Yes, it is very fine," replied Forget-me-not, "but I would not give up my simple place for all that," and her star-like face looked so absolutely contented that the Dragon-fly lost all patience with her.

"You are a slow, stupid, unimprovable little thing," she said angrily as she darted away and skimmed the surface of the stream once more, proudly showing off her gorgeous wings. When suddenly there was a slight rustling through the air, and Forget-me-not gave a little cry of alarm as she caught sight of Dragon-fly faintly struggling in the beak of the swallow, who speedily carried it off to his hungry little ones.

Forget-me-not bent her head in sorrow over the tragic end of the slender, beautiful stranger. Then the merry little stream recommenced his old play, and sprang up so high that at last he just managed to kiss Forget-me-not's sweet little face. Then smiling happily, he sped on his way, his heart full of love for the gentle, simple flower that had shed such joy and gladness around, though living a quiet and uneventful life far from the gay and busy world.—Translated from the German.

To work patiently in faith and love, to do, not what we like, but what we revere, confers not liberty only, but power.—J. Martineau.

FORWARD.

A thousand creeds and battle-cries,
  A thousand warring social schemes,
A thousand new moralities,
  And twenty thousand thousand dreams.

Each on his own anarchic way,
  From the old order breaking free—
Our ruined world desires, you say,
  License, once more, not liberty.

But ah, beneath the struggling foam,
  When storm and change are on the deep,
How quietly the tides come home,
  And how the depths of sea-shine sleep.

And we who march toward a goal,
  Destroying only to fulfill
The law, the law of that great Soul
  Which moves beneath your alien will:

We, that like foemen meet the past,
  Because we bring the future, know
We only fight to achieve at last
  A great reunion with our foe;

Reunion in the truths that stand
  When all our wars are rolled away;
Reunion of the heart and hand
  And of the prayers wherewith we pray;

Reunion in the common needs,
  The common strivings of mankind;
Reunion of our warring creeds
  In the one God that dwells behind.

Forward!—what use in idle words?
  Forward, O warriors of the soul!
There will be breaking up of swords
  When that new morning makes us whole.
  —Alfred Noyes in "The Lord of Misrule."

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